

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Merch. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercilesse to vs:
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vp,
Our helpefull ship was splitted in the midst;
So that in this vniust diuorce of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
Her part, poore soule, seeming as burdened
With lesser waight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the winde,
And in our sight they three were taken vp
By Fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.

At length another ship had seiz'd on vs,
And knowing whom it was their hap to saue,
Gaue healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would haue refit the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their backe bene very slow of saile;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus haue you heard me feuer'd from my blisse,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my owne mishaps.

Duke. And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Doe me the fauour to dilate at full,
What haue befallne of them and they till now.

Merch. My yongest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eightene yeeres became inquisitiue
After his brother; and importun'd me
That his attendant, so his case was like,
Refit of his brother, but retain'd his name,
Might beare him company in the quest of him:
Whom whil'ft I laboured of a loue to see,
I hazarded the losse of whom I lou'd.
Five Summers haue I spent in farthest *Greece*,
Roming cleane through the bounds of *Asia*,
And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus*:
Hopelesse to finde, yet loth to leaue vnought
Or that, or any place that harbours men:
But heere must end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my tanelle death,
Could all my trauels warrant me they liue.

Duke. Haplesse *Egeon* whom the fates haue mark't
To beare the extremitie of dire mishap:
Now trust me, were it not against our Lawes,
Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would they may not disanull,
My soule should sue as aduocate for thee:
But though thou art adiudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recal'd
But to our honours great disparagement:
Yet will I fauour thee in what I can;
Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
To seeke thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,
Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the summe,
And liue: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Iaylor, take him to thy custodie.

Iaylor. I will my Lord.

Merch. Hopelesse and helpelesse doth *Egeon* wend,
But to procrastinate his liuelesse end. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antipholis Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio.
Mer. Therefore giue out you are of *Epidamnus*,
Lest that your goods too soone be confiscate:

This very day a *Syrachian* Marchant
Is apprehended for a riuall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the towne,
Dies ere the wearie sunne set in the West:
There is your monie that I had to keepe.

Ant. Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we host,
And stay there *Dromio*, till I come to thee;
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
Peruse the traders, gaze vpon the buildings,
And then returne and sleepe within mine Inne,
For with long trauaile I am stiffe and wearie.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, hauing so good a meane. *Exit Dromio.*

Ant. A trustie villaine fir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humour with his merry iests:
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?

E. Mar. I am inuited fir to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I craue your pardon, soone at fise a clocke,
Please you, Ile meete with you vpon the Mart,
And afterward comfort you till bed time:
My present businesse calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then: I will goe loofe my selfe,
And wander vp and downe to view the Citie.

E. Mar. Sir, I commend you to your owne content. *Exeunt.*

Ant. He that commends me to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean seekes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Vnseene, inquisitiue) confounds himselfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In quest of them (vnhappy) loofe my selfe.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanacke of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soone.

E. Dro. Return'd so soone, rather approacht too late:
The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the spit;
The clocke hath stricken twelue vpon the bell:
My Mistresse made it one vpon my cheek:
She is so hot because the meate is colde:
The meate is colde, because you come not home:
You come not home, because you haue no stomacke:
You haue no stomacke, hauing broke your fast:
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.

Ant. Stop in your winde fir, tell me this I pray:
Where haue you left the monie that I gaue you.

E. Dro. Oh fixe pence that I had a wensday last,
To pay the Sadler for my Mistresse crupper:
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportiue humor now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine owne custodie.

E. Dro. I pray you iest fir as you sit at dinner:
I from my Mistresse come to you in post:
If I returne I shall be poof indeede.

For she will scoure your fault vpon my pate:
Me thinks your maw, like mine, should be your cooke,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come *Dromio*, come, these iests are out of season,
Referue them till a merrier houre then this:
Where is the gold I gaue in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me fir? why you gaue no gold to me?

Ant. Come on fir knaue, haue done your foolishnes,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you fir the Mart
Home to your house, the *Phoenix* fir, to dinner;

My Mistresse and her sister stales for you.

Ant. Now as I am a Christian answer me,
In what safe place you haue bestow'd my monie;

Or I shall breake that merrie sponce of yours
That stands on tricks, when I am vndispos'd:

Where is the thousand Markes thou hadst of me?

E. Dro. I haue some Markes of yours vpon my pate:
Some of my Mistresse markes vpon my shoulders:

But not a thousand markes betweene you both.
If I should pay your worship those againe,

Perchance you will not beare them patiently.

Ant. Thy Mistresse markes? what Mistresse hauest thou?

E. Dro. Your worships wife, my Mistresse at the *Phoenix*;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner:

And praies that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus vnto my face
Being forbid? There take you that fir knaue.

E. Dro. What meane you fir, for God sake hold your
Nay, and you will not fir, Ile take my heeles. *(hands:)*

Exeunt Dromio Ep.

Ant. Vpon my life by some deuile or other,
The villaine is ore-wrought of all my monie.

They say this towne is full of cosenage:
As nimble Iuglers that deceiue the eie:

Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde:
Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the bodie:

Disguis'd Cheaters, prating Mountebanks;
And manie such like liberties of sinne:

If it proue so, I will be gone the sooner:
Ile to the Centaur to goe seeke this slaue,

I greatly feare my monie is not safe. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

*Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Sereptus, with
Luciana her Sister.*

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slaue return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seeke his Master?
Sure *Luciana* it is two a clocke.

Luc. Perhaps some Merchant hath inuited him,
And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:

Good Sister let vs dine, and neuer fret;
A man is Master of his libertie:

Time is their Master, and when they see time,
They'll goe or come; if so, be patient Sister.

Adr. Why should their libertie then ours be more?
Luc. Because their businesse still lies out adore.

Adr. Look when I serue him so, he takes it thus.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong li
There's nothing situate vnder
But hath his bound in earth,

The beafts, the fishes, and the
Are their males subiects, and
Man more diuine, the Master

Lord of the wide world, and
Indued with intellectuall sense

Of more preheminece then
Are masters to their females,

Then let your will attend on
Adr. This seruitude mak

Luc. Not this, but trouble
Adr. But were you wedded

Luc. Ere I learne loue, Ile
Adr. How if your husband

Luc. Till he come home ag
Adr. Patience vnmo'd, no

They can be meeke, that haue
A wretched soule bruis'd with

We bid be quiet when we he
But were we burnd with lik

As much, or more, we should
So thou that hast no vnkinde

With vrging helpelesse patien
But if thou liue to see like rig

This foole-beg'd patience in
Luc. Well, I will marry o

Heere comes your man, now

Enter Dromio

Adr. Say, is your tardie m
E. Dro. Nay, he's at too ha

two eares can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou spea
his minde?

E. Dro. I, I, he told his min
Beshevw his hand, I scarce cou

Luc. Spake hee so doubtfu
his meaning.

E. Dro. Nay, hee strooke
feele his blowes; and withall

scarce vnderstand them.

Adr. But say, I prethee, i
It seemes he hath great care to

E. Dro. Why Mistresse, sur
Adr. Horne mad, thou vil

E. Dro. I meane not Cucko
But sure he is starke mad:

When I desir'd him to come h
He ask'd me for a hundred mar

'Tis dinner time, quoth I: my
Your meat doth burne, quoth I:

Will you come, quoth I: my
Where is the thousand marke

The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd:
My mistresse, fir, quoth I: ha

I know not thy mistresse, ou
Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my Master, I
no wife, no mistresse: so th

rongue, I thanke him, I bare h
for in conclusion, he did bea

Adr. Go backe againe, tho
Dro. Goe backe againe, a

For Gods sake send some othe